

His Greenwich Village was a laboratory
of the alien soul, Bohemian without gaiety.
Of course he had his friends, and credit to them,
but he might have been better off with a woman.

Now tell me, was his vision universal?
As much as yours or mine, if every man's
his only universe; yet what is worse,
he seems to have wished he could have been like
Shakespeare.

But you, the active, do not seek to put
him down. Although the loves and memories
are yours, still he succeeded in what
he set out to become: death's gentleman.

Rumpelstiltskin

Here is the truest of the myths of Christ-
endom, the screwing of the usefully
abnormal by a coalition of
the flaxen-haired and golden-hearted.

What else the Pauline Privilege but license
to screw the infidels? How about
Hollywood, its cult of the cosmetic,
pandering to the taste of ugly folk

for watching themselves get the stick? Or reminisce
on high school where the best inevitably
are driven to corruption by the success
of the worst: the flaxen-haired and golden-hearted.

Now by no means would I disparage beauty,
male or female. Everyone prefers to
marry and to screw around with girls
with tits and tapered legs and flaxen hair.

But I will not sit back and cheer like a fucking
folklore-and-mythology man because
some dumb peroxide broad has got a chance
to break a perfectly reasonable contract,

and Pegleg, as if he didn't have troubles
enough already, gets his wooden
apparatus spinstruck in the mud
amidst the honorable act of cursing

creation roundly. No, let the later
Walt Disney make a movie of it if
he wants, and the children's ballets dance it to death,
but you'll never catch me all night at the wheel,
and the chick has put it on her Bankamericard.

-- Gerald Locklin

Lack Lack Luhan and Some Las Vegas Marriage

Hear them filing as the aged
made antiques computing amputating
because only what is singly done

works. I called him and he said
if you don't snow he was the
xopywriter then think of the
thousands of if you don't snow
then think of the thousands of

I knew a dog died
of smoking his own tale.

You'll find the fill bolder
in the new narthex he said
if you fasten the pew-belt.

The Pope said to the pill I'm
leaving. The pill said to the Pope
I'm growing. I was -- rythm rythm --
green see that you do.

And they stood in line them computers
Oh I don't believe in marriage bureaus
do you Oh no Too scientific
hoping the parallels would
but nothing happened until someone said

the stove comes
with the roast no
cleaning no return.

-- Ellen Tifft

Elmira, New York